

very carefully, among other things she had told him, that he must never go into a saloon for they were *very, very bad places*.

"This little boy thought if they were bad for boys to go into they were also bad places for men to visit, so when he saw this man start to go in, he ran up to him and touching his arm said:

"Please, Mister, don't go there, it is a very bad place."

"The man heeded the warning and passed by. So you see this little boy did not wait until he was a man to begin doing good, but began when he was just a little mite of a boy." And there are many other little boys who if warned in time by their mothers, may not only escape the ruinous influence of the dram-shop, but may warn others and hinder them from going astray.—*Little Christain*.

#### THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF JOHN

If pastors ask the sick what Scripture they desire, it is only a form, for there is one chapter which every man and woman wants to hear in great sorrow, or when the shadow is falling. The leaf which contains the fourteenth chapter of St. John's gospel should be made movable in our Bibles in order that it might be replaced every ten years. By the time a man has got to middle age that leaf is thinning, and by old age it is only a brown film that is barely legible, and must be gently handled. Yet with every reading—say six times a week—the pastor notices that it yields some new revelation of the divine love and the kingdom of heaven. If one is sinking into unconsciousness, and you read, "In my Father's house are many mansions," he will come back and whisper, "Mansions," and he will wait till you finish, "Where I am there ye may be also," before he dies in peace.—*Ian Maclaren*.

#### HOW IT'S DONE

If you want to know how to get your wife to mend your clothes, find the secret in the following domestic incident:

"It's strange I can't get my wife to mend my clothes," remarked Mr. Bridle, in a tone of disgust. "I asked her to sew a button on this vest this morning, and she hasn't touched it."

"You asked her," said Mr. Norris, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes; what else should I do?"

"You haven't been married very long, and perhaps you'll take a pointer from me," answered Mr. Norris, with a fatherly air.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything. That's fatal."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Do as I do. When I want a shirt mended, for instance, I take it in my hand and hunt up my wife. 'Where's that rag-bag, Mrs. Norris?' I demand in a stern voice.

"What do you want the rag-bag for?" she says, suspiciously.

"I want to throw this shirt away; it's all worn out," I reply.

"Let me see," she demands.

"But I put the garment behind my back.

"No my dear," I answer; 'there's no use of your attempting to do anything with it. It needs—

"Let me see it she reiterates.

"But it's all worn out, I tell you."

"Now, John, you give me that shirt!" she says, in her most peremptory tone.

"I hand her the shirt.

"Why, John Norris!" she cries, with a womanly triumph, 'this is a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is'— And then she mends it."—*Unidentified*.

#### LAYING ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT

A successful worker in one of our rescue missions is a lady who was formerly a society belle, but who has now consecrated her brilliant social and intellectual gifts and her beautiful voice entirely to the Lord's work among the lost and degraded. She once remarked that she clung to dancing and card-playing for years after she made a profession of religion; and that her real joy in the Christian life did not come until these things had been given up altogether. One evening about two weeks after she had made this full consecration, she went into a little mission room, and was there asked to say something helpful to a poor wreck of a man who had been for many years a gambler. The man looked at her suspiciously.

"Do you play cards?" he asked.

"No."

"Do you dance?"

"No."

"Do you go to the theater?"

"No; not now."

"Very well," he said, "then you may talk to me. But I won't listen to one word from your fine folks who are doing, on a small scale, the very things that have brought us poor wretches where we are."

"Can you not believe," added the lady who told the story, "that the joy of being able to teach the way of life to that lost soul was more to me than all the poor little pleasures I had given up for Jesus' sake?"—*Selected*.

#### Sisters' Society C. E.

##### HAS THE S. S. C. E. BEEN A SUCCESS SPIRITUALLY?

FLORA T. GRISSO

*Concluded from last week*

A certain writer has said "heaven is not reached by a single bound, but we build the ladder by which we rise, from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, and mount to its summit, round, by round."

So the S. S. C. E. started at the bottom of the ladder, and is rising upward, but the vaulted skies have not yet been reached, but we hope by patience, and perseverance, to build our ladder higher and higher, that in the future the height we have reached, and the good we have done, will be so great that it will be immeasurable. Like those wonderful insects of the branching coral, who beneath the waters of the vast southern

ocean, lay their slight foundation ever adding a little, and still a little more, while as years pass on, the work goes on increasing, till the little unperceived atom stands forth a fair island, bursting with tropical luxuriance of fruit and foliage.

So should it be with us, we have sown the seed and are still sowing, and in years to come we may be richly rewarded, beyond our greatest expectation. Who can measure the spiritual good the S. S. C. E. has done?

We verily believe there have been souls brought to Christ through their efforts, and many more will yet be added. The good the S. S. C. E. has done by supporting the theological chair, and thereby helping the young men of our church procure an education is beyond our knowledge.

Already Christ is using them as instruments in His hands for the spread of the gospel and the salvation of souls. Already, to my knowledge, through their efforts God has added more than one hundred to His fold. Nor need we confine our thoughts alone to the theological chair, the society has done much in the missionary work, the extent of which I am not able to stay, but we certainly think some good has been accomplished. The declaration of Solomon "cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shall find it after many days," has been verified. The ultimate success of the S. S. C. E., has lain in its true, devoted, consecrated members, and especially in the consecrated efforts of our worthy president who has so earnestly labored for the success of the society. True there may be localities where the society has not been a success, but in general it certainly has met all our expectations and perhaps more.

Dear sisters, our Savior has said, "Go" the domain of the Brethren church is unlimited, she has a work to do in every state and continent, souls are going down unsaved every day, can we not then with an eye single to the cause unite our hands and hearts in rescuing some? God forbid that while others are bringing in their golden sheaves, we should come, empty handed. We should never be discouraged in Christian work, of what ever kind, though slow may seem the growth. We should never be discouraged in our efforts for Christ's kingdom by adverse circumstances: nor by any unexpected combination of them, and their prolonged operation. Good influences are linked to good issues, in this world, as the seed to its fruitage.

God is within and behind all forces that tend to enlarge and perfect His kingdom. As He is beneath the physical forces which bring harvest in its season, and set on the springing seed its coronal. Finally, let us remember what the glory of the harvest shall be, when it is reached, in this developing kingdom of God; and in view of that let us constantly labor, with more than fidelity, with an eager enthusiasm that surpasses all obstacles, makes duty a privilege, and transmutes toil into joy." May this grand march